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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE ANGELUS

They stand within the field at prayer,
  The rustic man and maid,
While silvery thro' the amber air
  The angel's song is played!

They bow their heads in gratitude
  For gift of life and health;
And for content—their highest good,
  And love their only wealth.

There is a closeness to the soil
  In both their garb and mien
That tells of happiness and toil,
  And quiet peace serene.

A lark above them sings and sings
  A song of hope and youth.
Theirs is the joy of common things—
  The beauty of the truth!

The Craftsman. —*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1914. NUMBER 26.

HIGH PASTURES

In August morn that lights the mountain lands
With the soft peacefulness of low hung clouds,
And tender gray in thick and swathing bands,
Screens the sun's heat and all its luster shrouds,

We mount the lofty pasture sweet with thyme,
In grassy hollows and 'twixt granite rocks
Where far the sheep-bells gently swell and chime,
And sound the nibbling teeth of distant flocks.

Here sit upon the sward and court the air,
Perfumed with mint and with the odorous fern;
See where the lakelet lieth low and fair,
And the brook pours its waters like an urn.

Profoundly silent is the sober morn;
Its winds are whist as if they dared not stir;
Still drips the dew upon the lowland corn,
Nor starts the partridge with its sudden whir.

The immortelle is bleaching unaware;
The mullein raises high its fretted spire;
Along the sad stone fences bald and bare
The sumach breaks in freaks of vivid fire.

Why art thou lovely, sky of windless gray,
Ungainly pastures bleak and bowlder-strewn
Where lurks the charm of this pale August day,
The world's deep peace, and nature's undertone?

O minor key, I love thy shaded light,
The hush and coolness of this thoughtful day,
So like our human lot, scarce dark or bright,
Only God's love behind a sky of gray.

From "In Woods and Fields," Putnam.

—*Augusta Larned.*

The *Literary Digest* for August 1 devotes its first three columns to an editorial entitled "Mr. Bryan Out for Woman Suffrage," displaying as its frontispiece an effective picture of the Secretary of State and his wife, under which runs the legend: "I shall ask no political rights for myself that I am not willing to grant to my wife." Minimize as you may, and as many will, the power of W. J. Bryan, he is a great citizen, responsive to the higher demands of the Twentieth Century. He is alive to the great questions of the day and with a degree of independence that is as refreshing as it is exceptional among partisans, he is a power to be reckoned with, and his utterances on this as on other questions will go for much.

Already the assassins of Francis Ferdinand and his wife are being placed in the class of Charlotte Corday and Joan of Arc. The Italian and German papers as interpreted by the *Literary Digest* say "they removed the person they considered a ring-leader in plans for their national obliteration." How much trouble these national lions have given to humanity, how they have stained the pages of history, how all-conquering are they to the ignorant mind. How slight and subordinate are they to the intelligent mind, the liberated soul. How all-satisfying to the devout heart and the truly religious, and how pertinent to the needs of the human heart in this distressing hour is the confession of faith of Thomas Paine: "The world is my country and to do good is my religion."

The Literary Digest presents the clear-cut, strong face of Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma as that of a man who "boasts of Cherokee Descent." It quotes the New York *Times* as saying that "the Cherokee tribe in this new state which was once known as Indian Territory contains 41,798 members, 2,000 of which are full-blooded white men who have been adopted into it, 3,000 are negroes who descended from the slaves freed in 1863." The Cherokees were the first to realize an alphabet of their own, invented for them some ninety years ago by the Chief Sequoyat, after whom the great trees of California were named. This promising admixture, this demonstration of the rising of a race, offers food for thought for those who reason so confidently about inferior, degenerate and static races.

The Supreme Chancellor of the Order of Knights of Pythias rules that according to the laws of the order no person interested financially in the sale of liquor is eligible to membership in that order. In view of the far-reaching devastation of property and life incident to the traffic, and in view of the further fact that both physiological and economic sciences pronounce with increasing clearness that alcoholic drinks as a beverage are always an intruder and a disturber of the peace in the human body and in the body politic, the position of this order is entirely justified. When the other Fraternal Orders, particularly the dominant Masonic order that makes such large claims for moral and civic leadership, follow the action of the Knights of Pythias, they will indeed take a great forward step and make a great contribution to the well-being of their members and the communities they serve.

Rabbi F. Joseph of Allentown, Pa., in a recent address delivered at Washington, D. C., predicted a noble outcome of this miserable war. The pugnacious wearers of crowns are building wiser than they know. He predicted that "dynasties will be wiped out, present

monarchies will adopt the democratic form of government, and the ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity be greatly advanced. The border lines of empires will be changed. There will be a readjustment of the map of Europe. The civic and religious freedom of the Jews in Russia is to be secured." All this is surely coming. But whether the present wicked waste of human life, devastation of forests and fields, and defamations of soul will help or retard is a problem too subtle for the human mind to decide. Time alone will disclose the answer; but these things will surely come, if not through the blind manipulations of kings, then in spite of them.

The rapidly whitening of the "Wet and Dry Map" of Illinois is a most astounding revelation of the growing legislation which of course is a tardy indication of the growing sentiment concerning the saloon problem in this state. Were it not for a small black patch in the southwest corner of the state bordering the Mississippi and facing St. Louis and a similar black patch in the northeast representing the city of Chicago, and a narrow strip of blackness along the banks of the Illinois River, Illinois would almost pass for a spotless state. If, as the wet people claim, there is a larger consumption of liquor in this territory after it has gone dry than before, why should our friends of the wet be so exercised over the situation? The bleaching process in Illinois does not have to go far for an explanation. The women are just beginning to put in their work. Give them five years more and then draw the map and even the southwest and northeast corners will have grown pale. Virginia has just filed the necessary popular petition calling for the submission of a state-wide prohibition to a popular election. Eighteen thousand names were necessary. Seventy-two thousand names, or nearly one-half the voters of the state, were secured. September 22 will be a great day in the Old Dominion.

England has once more a poet-laureate of the conventional type. Robert Bridges has tried to justify his title and to force the muse to ride Pegasus in armor. The movement is clumsy and the result not inspiring. It is hard to pack more bad morals and vicious politics into three stanzas of poetry than is found in the following lines:

Thou careless, awaken!
  Thou peacemaker, fight!
Stand, England, for honor,
  And God guard the right!

The monarch Ambition
  Hath harnessed his slaves,
But the folk of the ocean
  Are free as the waves.

Up, careless, awake!
  Ye peacemakers, fight!
England, stand for honor!
  God defend the right!

After one turns from these sickening platitudes of Robert Bridges to the lines of William Watson and Alfred Noyes, that are inspired not by English patriotism but by the universal inspirations of England's noblest: her Milton, Wordsworth, her Browning, Carlyle, the cosmopolitanism of Shakespeare, Herbert Spencer and John Ruskin, the above line may be read with relish by the

Five men in black-tailed coats,

that

Around a shining table sit

deliberating upon the value of the "mailed hand and armed heel" who are described by Alfred Noyes in his "Wine Press." These five men by a touch of a silver bell may

Plunge three nations into Hell,

for

The blood of peasants is not red
A hundred miles away.

But, if one touch on a silver bell
  Should loose, beyond control,
A blind immeasurable flood
Of lust and hate and tears and blood,
Unknown immeasurable powers
That swept to an unseen goal,

Beyond their guidance for one hour,
  Beyond their utmost ken,
No huddled madman, crowned with straw,
Could so transgress his own last law . . . . .
So a secretary struck a bell
  For these five honest men.

Surely Alfred Noyes is right when he sings of the Dawn of Peace; for the groans of the mangled, the sobs of the widows, the aching shoulders of debt-burdened peasants, the pinched faces of starved, battle-made orphans will eventually make even poet-laureates to see the dawn.

It is the Dawn! The Dawn! The nations
  From East to West have heard a cry,—
Though all earth's blood-red generations
  By hate and slaughter climbed thus high,
Here—on this height—still to aspire,
  One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher.
  Make straight that highway for our god.

"The Young People Problem" Again

The Universalist Leader asks with rather a despairing tone, "What are we going to do with the young people of our church?" This, it frankly confesses, is the great problem of the church. It asks how to get hold of them; how to utilize them; how to serve them; how to make the best of them. These represent not only the chief problem, but the chief business of the church. It confesses that in these recent years church workers have come to realize that they "do not know very much about these intricate problems." Young people's organizations have bloomed, sunk in weakness, and become the despair of pastors who have sometimes despaired of the whole business. But on the whole, it concludes after twenty-five years expe-

rience, the Young People's Christian Union has a place in the Universalist Church, and it talks about a "nation wide revival that will seek ten thousand new members."

The orthodox churches have their "Christian Endeavors," the Methodists their "Epworth Leagues," the Universalists their "Young People's Christian Unions," and the Unitarians their "Young People's Religious Unions." The aggregate membership of all these organizations is imposing; the amount of energy manifested by them is commendable; the amount of care and anxiety bestowed upon these organizations by the elders both clerical and lay is touching, and far be it from us to minimize their value; but UNITY has always expressed deep distress over this dividing of church energies and church work.

There are perhaps two profound if not fatal fallacies at the bottom of much of this so-called "young people's work." One is the attempt to realize permanent organizations and to generate lasting forces on a shifting age line. When does the club cease to be young people's and become people's? Surely it is not a matter of years; and the absence of the little older or the withdrawal of the little younger from the normal activities of the church or community is accompanied with serious loss. The assumption that such is necessary is apt to rest on a false psychology and a shifting if not shiftless expediency.

The second damaging fallacy that creeps into too much of this so-called young people's work lies in the assumption, often unconscious, seldom confessed, that the young people need and demand a large amount of entertainment; that they recoil from work, particularly serious work; that they are not ripe for thought and study on religious lines, and so, instead of joining with their elders in singing the stately hymns of the church, in listening to the ripened thought of the minister, they must needs have their own easier young people's meetings with jingly tunes, lilting songs and sermonettes where the preacher talks down to his "dear young folks." Very often the preacher is by virtue of his profession incapable of diluting his message so that it becomes palatable and nutritious to "young people," so the laity is drawn upon for "young people's talks," and these dispensers of a juvenile gospel find their strong resource in the stereopticon; and now the "movie" is hailed as a timely resource to "interest the young."

We believe in pictures, and it is sad to contemplate that the great scientific achievement of the moving picture has as yet been so unappreciated and so little utilized for the higher education and entertainment of the people. But in all these cases what is good for the boy is good for the mother, and what interests the daughter should interest the father. There is no need of a *"graded"* course of lessons on the Beatitudes or on the Parables. Real biography, poetry and the great appeals of religion and morality are simple, and when taught synthetically not analytically they reach from the grandchild to the grandparent.

Perhaps a profounder pedagogy and a more fundamental psychology will yet reveal that one element of weakness in the modern Protestant churches of all denominations lies in the vivisection of the social and spiritual fabric that ought to be preserved in its integrity. The modern church should have its varied activities, meeting the varied sympathies, tastes and needs of its members, but alas for the church that is simply an indolent mass, furnishing the more or less reluctant material for an endless number of sub-organizations. Perhaps if we had fewer "Sewing Societies," "Young People's Circles," "Guilds" and "Unions," etc., etc.; if the women ceased to emphasize their femininity by a multiplicity of organizations, and the young people's meetings whose members pour out of the church doors as their alleged elders are going in, the church would begin to realize more fully its higher functions as a social compact, a vital community, rejoicing in the higher co-operations and spiritual communions of morals and religion.

REVELATION

My "Dream of Patmos" centers here
  In velvet green beneath my feet,
Its mystery more far, more near,
  More clearly true, more bravely sweet
Than that of old; I wait, and feel
  Its stress of silence, shock of song,
With all of woe and all of weal
  Swept under by a tide more strong.

A prophecy of sunset lies
  Along the dusk horizon's hem;
Our prated river, as it flies,
  Takes on the soft hues of a gem;
The graining atmosphere is thin,
  —An air that marshalls as it wills
Disbanded rays of light within
  The little hollows of the hills.

Our late catalpa's fragile flower,
  'Neath foliage in cool retreat,
Sways through this calm, exalted hour,
  A mystic o'er the common street;
Where gloomy spaces intervene,
  A great elm lifts its shapely bole;
About the margin of the scene
  There rests a golden aureole.

I can but touch the vision's edge;
  At every point it opens wide;
I feel the surety of its pledge
  That all its shadows shall abide;
Then it becomes a misty veil
  Dropped from the zenith o'er the sod,
A gift of loving in its trail;
  —O garment of The Living God!

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

THE PULPIT

The Religion of the New Democracy

The Annual Address to the Students of the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, Wales, Delivered June 24, 1914 by Professor G. Dawes Hicks

The task that now falls to me—never an easy one, but all the harder after having attempted to fulfill it on so many occasions—is to endeavor to say a few helpful words to the men who have completed their work as students in this place, and who are about to enter upon the spheres of labour which they have chosen for their life's vocation. That we, who have watched their progress here, and who have sympathized with their struggles to gain the scholar's outlook and the philosopher's wide and luminous view, wish them every joy and happiness in their future calling goes, I trust, without the saying. They are embarking upon a mission in which a vast procession of forerunners have been engaged, and the very message they have to deliver is wrapt in the scriptures of an earlier world, so that to have spent some preparatory years in communing with the minds of the past, and in learning what these have thought on the tremendous facts of life and death, of good and evil, of man and nature, is a fitting prelude to undertaking the trust that will be laid upon them and of trying to discharge its duties faithfully and well. This, however, is no ordinary moment of our national history at which we are bidding them Godspeed. The Vice-Chancellor of the University of London told the newly-made graduates the other day that they would live to see changes greater both politically and socially than any which had taken place in England since the seventeenth century. He assured them that the question of the distribution of wealth would almost entirely occupy public attention during the next fifty years, and he impressed upon them the necessity of their doing their share towards forming the minds of the men who are going to settle that enormous question—adding that "if we settle it without bloodshed it will be as much as we shall do." He referred, again, to the huge problems that are confronting us in respect to the machinery of legislation and administration. "Six hundred years we spent in delimiting and defining the rights of monarchy; in the next hundred and fifty years we tested and discarded oligarchy; since 1832 we have been testing and improving and discussing—and we have not anything like finished yet—democracy." No discriminative observer of recent events can doubt for a moment the significance of these words. Who of us really supposes that the mechanism of government can long continue as it is now? Who of us is not persuaded that the very liberty upon which we pride ourselves is on its trial and that the coming years may possibly witness its serious and inevitable curtailment? Everywhere the issue is being forced upon us—is the democracy in truth capable of bearing the strain that is being imposed upon it? Will it prove itself equal to the demands which a preponderating influence in directing the course of civilization is reposing upon it? Devotion to moral and social ideals, loyalty to causes and to principles of far-reaching scope and bearing, disinterestedness in its methods and modes of action—all these things, and many more, are required of it, if it is to succeed, where other methods of guiding the destinies of nations have failed. Will it rise to the height of its vast opportunities and know "the seasons when to take occasion by the hand, and make the bounds of freedom wider yet?" It is hard, if not impossible, to say, but even those who most of all wish it well have, at the present moment, no little ground for hesitation and fear. There is a spirit of restlessness abroad, a disposition to set at defiance the lawful authority of those who have been selected to rule, a kind of reckless indifference towards the community or the state in contrast with what are taken to be the interests of a class or the aims of a party; and one need not be a political pessimist, if tendencies such as these awaken in his mind feelings of uneasiness and disquietude.

The symptoms of which I speak have become too periodic in their appearance and too persistent in their drift to be any longer ignored or lightly dismissed. The Passive Resister who considered himself at liberty to treat with contempt a legally enacted law of the Statute Book, the suffragette who is willing to destroy priceless treasures of a nation's history in order to arouse attention to the plea of "votes for women," the Ulster Protestant who smuggles into the county firearms and ammunition in preparation for forcible opposition to what Parliament may decree, the huge combinations of trades unions, ready at a moment's notice to bring the industry of the country to a standstill unless the terms they formulate be unconditionally conceded—these are no trifling incidents of party warfare, but indications of underlying currents of popular sentiment which have been growing and maturing for some time past. I speak of these matters not for the purpose of foreboding impending ruin or of suggesting, as some recent critics have done, that civilization itself is in danger. I believe no such thing. In spite of the vagaries I have mentioned, and of others which I might mention, I have not lost my faith in the democracy nor my trust in the sanity and good sense of its truer mind. It is as yet new to its task. Its faults are largely the faults of youth. It is adventurous, daring, often imprudent; it is easily enticed by nostrums, easily led away by parrot cries. It has got many things to learn and not a few to unlearn. But it is sound at heart, susceptible to generous appeals, ready to be animated by lofty and worthy ends. And it can, I am persuaded, be brought to realize the fatal error of repeating what it takes to be the vice of each of the ruling classes of previous ages—of legislating, namely, merely in its own interests. Nor is it so blind as not to be able to see that for any section or clique of persons to resort to brute violence or terrorism, in order to achieve their objects, spells in the long run disaster to popular government and contradicts the central principle of a democratic state. What the democracy sorely needs is insight into the way in which these temptations are to be avoided, and these evil methods of propaganda to be rendered futile and inoperative in a self-respecting community.

You, gentlemen, sheltered here as for a while you have been in the quiet retreat of academic seclusion, are going now to the people. If what I have been saying has in it any degree of justification, you will have plenty of work to do, and multitudes of men and women to serve. Go to them with an earnest, rational,

and living conviction of the reality, the value, and the primacy of spiritual verities, and recognition and response will meet you in ample measure. Gradually but surely the toiling millions of our population will reach the consciousness that nothing can save the democratic constitutions of the future from becoming the most remorseless and unmitigated of tyrannies except the spontaneous feeling of fellowship and brotherhood amongst those who are at once governors and the governed, and a common attachment on their part to truths and aspirations which elevate human life above the sphere of the material and the animal, and establish for it a kinship with the spiritual and the divine. No doubt the toiling millions look back upon what has been, and are convinced that for generations a dire yoke has been laid upon them which they ought never to have been suffered to bear. No doubt they are embittered by the thought that, during the period immediately preceding our own, myriads of human lives have been sacrificed to human greed, that the parasites of the race have been thriving upon the misery of their fellows. Yet they are beginning to know now, and to be persuaded, that, at last, the further flow of this older condition of things has been stemmed. Awakened, at length, to a sense of their manhood, the multitudes have found a voice. Unheeded in the past, they are going to be heard in the future. And it is not surprising that, under the circumstances, the first utterances of the newly enfranchised should be frequently those of angry protest, of scornful reproach, of extravagant claims; the surprising thing rather is the restraint, the moderation, the forbearance that usually characterize their utterances. A century of wrong is bound to engender a certain amount of retaliation. But what, I think, impresses an impartial observer as the most striking feature of the whole movement is the evident feeling that fills the minds of the populace of their present unfittedness, of their inadequacy of equipment, of their narrowness of vision, for the great tasks which they are being called upon to discharge. They feel that the best that is in them is at present thwarted and obstructed, and that they themselves are not sure of it. Their lives appear to them to be lost and frittered away in little things. They are tied down, like Gulliver amongst the Lilliputians, by innumerable tiny and invisible threads, and although the outer cords that bound them are cut, they are not yet free. Others are at liberty to follow the Grail, as thinkers, as artists, as scholars, but they are not. Their souls are too often cribbed, cabined, and confined; they are uncertain of the light they ought to see and of the ends they ought to desire.

Here, then, for you, bearers of the Christian Gospel, is at once a mission and a glorious opportunity of proving that the faith you cherish can meet the needs —the large and crying needs—of the present age. With his unerring insight, Matthew Arnold declared long ago that "the difficulty for democracy is how to find and how to keep high ideals," and once again that difficulty is being illustrated to us on all sides. A free society requires beyond all else to be conscious of the infinite environment in the midst of which its freedom is to be developed. Its freedom must be a religious freedom, and not simply a political one. And this means that superstition must give way to knowledge, that love must cast out fear, that the bondsman must become a son, and God a Father. The thought of a spiritual and eternal community of human beings in the Divine Paternity, the conception of all men as brothers which follow upon that thought, the assurance that we are not as a race of summer flies who are to perish in a few brief days—these convictions are the foundation of all noble and enduring democracy—the only foundation upon which the great political principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity will ever in the long run be able to stand. And to lead ordinary men and women so to believe in God, that they may gauge to some extent the infinite possibilities of human nature; to kindle their imagination so as to enable them to know at first hand the problems of the individual soul, to love and understand its good, and through its good to conquer its evil; to reveal to them the vast travail of the race working out, through sin and sorrow, the new humanity that is to be; to point them to the root ideas on which a thinking, feeling, aspiring mind is reared, and to which all the amazing variety of its activities can be referred—such is the function that falls today to the Christian teacher, and for its efficient discharge nothing short of complete self-surrender to the faith he holds dear will indeed suffice.

A *Christian* teacher, I say, and I have said so advisedly. For it does seem to me that if the tremendous ideas of which I have been speaking—the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the immortality of the finite soul, the supremacy of love—are to be presented with all the persuasive power with which they are capable of being presented, they require to be embodied for us in a human personality and in his life and death; in one of ourselves, to whom we can look up as the leader of our pilgrim-troop into the ways of peace and blessedness. Say, if you will, that God can never have been without a witness of Himself in the minds and hearts of men. I grant the contention to the full. I believe him to have been the stay of the martyr for Buddha no less than the stay of the martyr for Christ. I believe that the calm reflection of Greek philosophy was part of his method for the education of the human race no less than the rapt utterances of Hebrew prophecy. Yes; I yield to no one in my admiration for the sages of classic antiquity and for the saints of civilizations other than our own. But we, who have been nurtured in the conceptions and ideals of a great tradition, we who from earliest childhood have caught the accents of one voice and have been drawn in tenderest affection to the feet of a common master—we cannot forget the rock of which we were hewn nor the pit out of which we were digged. We speak the language of Palestine, and its words of hope and wisdom come home to our hearts as no other words can. If we are able to stand alone and fearless in the Eternal Presence, it is Christ who has brought us there. If, in any imperfect way, we have attained to the level of divine sonship, it has been in and through the strength of his spirit, by the inspiration of his life and character. And recognizing this, as we all do, why need we be concerned to question the orthodoxy of those who can no longer accept as the authentic guarantee of Christ's authority the miraculous pre-eminence that would remove him from the fellowship of mortals? The divinity of Christ may

be a fact, and a stupendous fact, even though no supernatural efficacy ever issued from him; he proved himself to be the Son of God, not by changing water into wine, nor even by raising Lazarus from the dead, but by converting the sinful into the saintly, and by shedding the light of an immortal hope upon the transient years of our earthly lot.

Our discipleship to Christ has, in short, nothing whatever to do with any metaphysical doctrine we may entertain concerning his precise relationship to deity. Suffer me here to use the glowing words of a distinguished modern theologian in order to make clear what I mean. "Jesus may," he says, "have been greeted at his birth by pæns of angels, or simply have sprung, as other men, from the pure wedded love of two human hearts. Jesus may have risen radiant from the baffled tomb, or for him, as for other men, the sepulchre may have proved relentless. I, for my part, hold him no exception to the rule the wise men laid down of old, 'All men have one entrance into life and the like going out of it.' But though no choir of angels greeted his infant cry, though no portent of rent veil or lowering darkness marked his dying cry, though nature yielded to his hand no manner of obedience, she will not yield to men of common clay, though gem after gem be torn from the garland of shining myth that decks his head, and only the wreath of thorns be left pressing on his throbbing brow; yet to have in us for one moment pure and strong and full that kingdom of God that found lodgment in his soul, would be to have risen above every orthodoxy on which the church has built her pride and every heresy against which she has plied her scourge. I know not the details of this man's days, I have no means to lay down any dogma about his sheer impeccability. How should I? I doubt not, motions of human weakness shook even his incomparable spirit. But I do know that could this race of striving, struggling, sinning, sorrowing men rise to the height of his superb and gracious manhood, and touch the glory of his communion with the Father, that would be the coming of the New Jerusalem more nearly than any other thing that I can dream of." Gentlemen, if there be any stronger testimony than that which is here borne to Christ's divine sonship, I confess that I, in my wanderings through the mazes of doctrinal theology, have never yet succeeded in finding it. And what I would urge upon you now is that it is a reverence for Jesus such as is thus evinced which will impart to your teaching the fervour and the vitality it must have, if it is to touch the hearts and hallow the affections of the men and women of the new democracy. They need an exemplar in whom all that is august and tender and beautiful in humanity is collected and harmoniously blended and made manifest. And the personalty of Christ, living a life entirely holy, "native to heaven, yet blossoming on earth," and dying in simple trust and pure obedience to the Father's will, "loving nothing but what is dear to God and severe only to the guilt that is beneath his frown,"—such a spirit will bear down upon them, across the centuries, with a force and convincingness which neither the whispers of the natural heart nor the thunders of a supernatural revelation can ever exercise or wield.

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
  The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
  If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
  And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors!

The angels keep their ancient places:—
  Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
    'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces
  That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
  Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
  Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night my soul, my daughter,
  Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo! Christ walking on the water
  Not of Gennesareth, but of Thames!

That, then, is the essence of the Christianity you are going to carry to the seeking anxious minds of the present time. Am I asked, in conclusion, what profit or advantage will in the long run accrue to the faithful and humble servant of Christ, who, in the manner I have been indicating, spends himself and is spent in trying to promote and to extend the influence of the Gospel? The industrious tradesman or lawyer or medical practitioner may look forward to securing as a result of his toil some years of leisure and freedom in which he may rest upon his oars, and enjoy the pleasures that fall in his way, and even the man of science or of letters may nurture at least the hope that recognition of a public kind may perchance crown his efforts to increase the sum of human knowledge. As the culmination of your labours, I dare not hold out any such prospects as these. Society is not seldom a stern taskmaster, and often persists in repaying those who have been its most eager and zealous representatives in the coin on which they have set chief value. And you—you who have dedicated yourselves to the ministry of Christ—must not repine at assuming the yoke of Christ's service upon the terms on which you will be recommending to others the acceptance of his message. Will you not tell your people that trust in God is its own most precious reward, that "the richest joy that love can bring is more love, deeper love, love that grows with what it feeds upon"? Be prepared, therefore, to adopt as the method by which you will test the success of your own personal endeavours the same high principle of judgment. It probably will not fall to the lot of any one of you to catch the ears of crowded and spellbound congregations, nor to draw down upon yourself your country's admiring gaze. But if, in course of a humble ministry, it be your good fortune to hear, perhaps from some wandering emigrant in the wilds of Australia, that your words have come back to him in the bush; or if some poor sempstress at her work, in the dingy alley of one of our smoky cities, confesses that but for your faith in Christ and goodness she would have sunk into the depths of misery and despair—you will not want more; you will thank God and be content. For you, witness such as that should be a rich reward. It should fill your heart with the peace that may rise often to the sense of jubilant triumph. It should give to your will, whenever in

your inmost soul you realize its meaning, the power to believe in the right, and to be convinced of the supremacy of goodness in the economy of the universe. It should be to your whole manhood, and to every part of it, a consolation, a confidence, and a strength which no other experience in this world is able to supply. For, however, much around you the voices of criticism, of disapproval, and of cynicism may rage—and these are never likely wholly to be silent—this is the assurance, the priceless assurance, that to you has been vouchsafed a measure of the Saviour's spirit, and that you have won a place in that immortal company of the world's benefactors of some of whom the poet tells:—

"Aye, unto these distributeth the Giver
Sorrow and sanctity and loves them well,
Grants them a power and a passion to deliver
Hearts from the prison house and souls from hell."

My Library—XIII.

I had frequently heard of Oliver Wendell Holmes as a popular professor in the Harvard Medical School, and one of the articles in my first scrapbook called him the "Autocrat," and I had read that he was equally "genial," "witty," and "entertaining," both as an acquaintance and friend. So, little by little, I had learned what to expect, when, in the fulness of time, I could add "The Breakfast Table Series" to My Library. And with what merry quiverings of heart did I advance from section to section through what appeared to be quite the inimitable in all literature. Much of the wit I probably did not appreciate; sometimes the writer seemed anything but genial; but that he was always entertaining, I was sure. That he was wise, too, if at times rather precociously and almost bumptiously so, I came more and more to realize, as I read on. That this was often owing largely to his point of view, the point of view of a medical, or biological, rather than that of the ordinary writer, did not in the least detract from my satisfaction. Evidently, here was a man who could see the essentials of human nature as they are, and not as they have been imagined or declared to be. He could apprehend and feel its pathos, sympathize with its perplexities, was not afraid of its pretentions, could prick its foibles gracefully, and could lend a hand often where most needed, and all by means and in ways peculiar to himself; and then, could leave the reader with increased confidence in his motives and skill. As a matter of greater interest, I learned many things from the pages of Dr. Holmes, which, if not "regularly" like those in the common medical text-books and treatises, were yet of inestimable value in the daily round of work. All my own rapidly growing suspicions that human nature was something more than a bundle of bones, muscles, nerves, organs and vessels, received abundant confirmation from this unique authority. Through reading Dr. Holmes, I duly conceived likewise the idea of reading every other "wise man" I could, to see how much he also might contribute to my preparation and worth as a medical "practitioner." That this idea has proved to be a most useful one, in fact, invaluable to many of my clients, I have no reason to doubt. Its conception and execution led also at that time to a veritable turning point in my professional life. Before then, I had read other than technical books almost exclusively for purposes of the general culture only; from my readings of Dr. Holmes on, I read not only for this, but for every practical purpose, as well. In this, I felt that Dr. Holmes fully justified me, especially after I had read his papers on purely medical topics, where he had exhibited a knowledge, a logic, and a fearless astuteness that commanded utmost respect, when judged from a purely scientific standpoint. And then, how wise, how suggestive, how helpful did he always appear to be, as later still I became acquainted with "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian Angel," "A Mortal Antipathy," "Over the Teacups," and all the rest. All through I could not help feeling the force of the AUTOCRAT, who, at the first, had affirmed that "it is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped," and who had subsequently led me to believe just as truly that "There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do." That, however, I was afterwards sadly to realize this over and over again, I could not very well believe then. Again how true to life did I come to find him, in such a saying as this: "Little localized powers and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge are things men are very apt to be conceited about." And I am sure I laughed at the point when I read concerning "logic," "that its most frequent work was to build a *pons assinorum* over chasms which shrewd people can bestride without such a structure." Then there was that which I could almost feel pricking myself, namely, the point of what he said about "Self-made men." "Well, yes," said he, "of course everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all";—laughing heartily even though my own little self-conceits thus got a trimming that was perhaps more needful than I had ever before suspected! Of course, I couldn't believe him quite, when he declared that no self-made man feels at home "wherever he smells the invigorating fragrance of Russia leather"; unless indeed I allowed the real reason to be, that such an one is not very likely to have many opportunities for familiarizing himself with so aristocratic a bit of evidence. I had years to live also before I could realize "that there are times in which every active mind feels itself above any and all human books"; or that there is quite as "much danger sometimes in overvaluing the worth of books as in undervaluing them"; yet notwithstanding I have been glad always to bear in mind another saying of Dr. Holmes, something that daily observation so readily confirms, that "empty heads—heads without ideas in wholesome variety—and sufficient number to furnish food for the mental clock-work," are indeed "the heads which not only are most unstable themselves, but which constitute most of the explosive material in the social realm."

So I have been very well pleased with the help that Dr. Holmes thus gave me in my endeavor to understand the intricacies and needs of the average man and woman; while I have certainly found myself not less pleased and grateful for what the works of other writers, notably Hawthorne and George Eliot, have done for me in a similar direction. Not alone have I been impressed deeply with the accuracy of their almost superhuman insight, but each time I have read in their works I have learned, as it were, a special lesson in some favorite study that had before been skilfully set for me to master.

But in what a dress did they come, especially those volumes of George Eliot! None will forget the green cloth covers, the faulty print, and especially the farcical illustrations of the edition in which they were first presented to the American public. Evidently the high value which George Eliot's works commanded in the English book-market had little effect in enhancing the worth attached to them by our own publishers. Still, they were thus obtainable, at least, and in a way possibly readable: and God was duly thanked by very many people for the opportunity thus afforded, I dare say. As for me, the reading of "The Mill on the Floss," of "Adam Bede" and of "Scenes from Clerical Life" may rightly be said to have marked another epoch in my bibliophilic history. To this day, "Maggie Tulliver" stands for a girl I would dearly like to have known; and poor "Adam Bede," with all his provincial nobleness, and yet his utter ignorance and stupidity about women in general, and "Hetty Sorel" in particular, and "Amos Barton," and "Mr. Gilfil," and "Janet," and all the other people, who, in their distinctive ways, filled their respective worlds,—how truly have these been met also in my own world, and how much, too, have I learned from them, as from many others besides, who are more truly my contemporaries.

Reading George Eliot as I did, with an eye to her elucidation of the meaning behind the actions and reactions of her characters, and pondering over what I gleaned with a view to applying it to the extremely flesh-and-blood people of my own circle, I learned quickly to feel that, without this reading and this reflection, I could easily have failed at many a vital point, and even more easily could have blundered at many another, and with even more serious results. Even "Mr. Pilgrim,"—"pity such a clever man had a 'pediment in his speech,' who knew enough never to contradict a woman whose 'pot-luck' was always to be relied on, and who on her side had unlimited reliance on bleeding, blistering, and draughts;"—furnished his own peculiar helpful hints; while "Mr. Turnbull," who was so truly "the good angel of the troubled house" that "Maggie" "remembered as long as she could remember anything" and "with the trembling, questioning look" that doctors the world over learn so accurately to appreciate and to summon all their resources to meet—even he had his own sort of helpfulness for me too, simply because wherever the accurately pointed finger of the author invited, there was surely to be found something worthy of regard. Besides, how thoroughly had my own experience prepared me rather than otherwise greatly to enjoy the keener, more accurate thrusts at the innumerable egoisms and pretentions of my profession, when made by one skilled and wise enough to open up the contradistinguishing truths. This, George Eliot was able to do; and yet, when I came to read about "Dr. Lydgate" in "Middlemarch," which with "Felix Holt," and "Romola," and "Daniel Deronda," and "Silas Marner" came one by one somewhat later, I was simply astonished at the real knowledge of the physician's daily life, therein displayed. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has since said that "Lydgate" is the only real physician in all fiction. One need not exclusively believe this, to yet do full justice to George Eliot's unique vision of the medical theory and art, and of the ordinary practitioner's hopes, fears, successes and failures, and all the incidental matters that so responsibly accompany them.

Speaking of "Middlemarch" reminds me of the sensible warning I got from reading the delineation of the character of its "Mr. Casaubon." Outwardly I have never recognized any very close relationship between this character and myself. Inwardly, however, there are certain things which have required at least my putting myself very sternly on guard against undue vacillation if not indeterminate "puttering," and I am glad to acknowledge a distinct indebtedness again to George Eliot, for thus so skilfully disclosing such possibilities and needs. In "Daniel Deronda" the one thing that then impressed me most was the awful moment in the boat, when, after "Harcourt" had been swept overboard, and was about to sink for the third fatal time, "Gwendolen" stood with a rope in her hand, which, seemingly, was intended to rescue him, and then—hesitated! What an agony of precious months, of years, was there focussed; what a succumbing of will to the long-accumulated destruction of hope, was there exhibited! As in the wide field of matrimonial infelicity I could even then point frequently to others who were on the brink of just such criminal realization, so, often, very often, afterwards, did I shudder at the thought of what might actually happen, in respect of one or more of the overstrained parties similarly involved. Surely it is asking almost too much of some people to bear hour by hour everlastingly the burden thus imposed on them, and never either to vary from the straight line of conventional duty, or to expect satisfactory relief. Human nature is what it is—a fact that should be remembered as well from the individual as from the social standpoint. George Eliot's "fatalism" is nowhere more true to facts than in the portrayal of the nature of those who must nobly or otherwise stand up against all manner of pressure, until perhaps the terrible moment when it fatally snaps, and all that follows is but ignobly regarded by the pace-makers and setters of standards who have never thus been tested. God must be very lenient with all such sufferers I am sure, if for no other reason than just to make up for the unnecessary and degrading cruelties thus so often imposed by his unthinking, untested, yet puny, and really not more reliable, creatures. Go thy way, thy sins be forgiven thee, is indeed a difficult idealism for this hard-hearted world. However, with open eyes one can read, as I did, in the volumes of George Eliot and most instructively, of many of the beneficent operations of the Spirit which maketh alive, and of the Charity which upbraideth not. In this way, she was one of my many teachers, which I am glad to crown with every recognition of worth and favor.

Recollection of the way in which I became interested in Hawthorne is so fraught with pathetic sweetness, that I hardly dare attempt the telling of it, even on paper. For, who can hark back to the unsophisticated intimacies of later school-life, without feeling that in them is to be found a Holy of Holies, which, if at all, should be but most gently approached, even in memory. For, to open such a door, even in this way, is like baring one's very soul to public gaze!

How he found me out, why Milton S. Stewart re-

peatedly invited me to his room, unless he intuitively prophesied the outcome, or was too full of his Hawthorne otherwise to keep himself back, has never been settled. Certainly I was no match for him, either by experience or general enlightenment. I had seen but little, and had met but few people that I could intimately associate with. He had come of a wealthy, influential family, had seemingly been everywhere, and was as full of knowledge of important people as the *savant* of my dreams could ever be. Besides, I was physically crippled, more than half ill, poor in purse, and at the time, poorer in spirit; he was perfectly well strong and active, beyond keeping count. I was self-depreciative, retiring, reticent; he was of goodly self-opinion, used to company and conversation with all classes, and loved to talk.

Probably the chief motive was in the fact that he liked me, persistently idealized me beyond words to describe, and craved the companionship that seemed possible in me, as distinguished from that of others of the crowd that thrice daily sat at the same table. So, when I finally visited him in his room, and he entertained me for an hour by reading from Hawthorne's "Note Books," I was ripe with readiness to respond to his evidently sincere advances as well as rapidly to become interested in all else that he liked. And what a field of "other-worldliness" did he step by step open up to me! I suppose we read together somewhat the larger portions of these volumes of "Note Books"; but I do not remember that while doing it any reference to Hawthorne's romances was ever made. At any rate I never saw Stewart reading them; and it was only as curiosity led me to see for myself that I later discovered these, in all their attractiveness and permanent good. When discovered, the determination to add them to My Library as soon as practicable was rapidly formed. But it was several years before I could do this, and only after I had mostly read them in borrowed volumes. And what miserable volumes again my first ones were! To those who remember, my meaning will be clear enough when I affirm that the dress in which such immortal works as these and George Eliot's were first put before the American reader, and by a leading firm, too, was simply a disgrace to the publishing fraternity, and an insult to every intelligent reader. Nor had the dress much improved when I finally bought Hawthorne's complete works in six thick volumes, although these were made to serve my purpose for a goodly number of years, until, in fact, I finally got an edition that was really worthy of the author, as well as an unqualified joy to have.

With my first reading of "The Scarlet Letter," there came the useful impulse to dive deeper than ever into the very midst of the dark, inexplicable things of human nature, an impulse that was sustained by subsequent acquaintance with "The House of Seven Gables," "The Marble Faun," "Blithedale Romance," and all the rest. Other writers had pictured certain "exteriors" of mankind, chiefly, with now and then a plunge into its depths, which only suggested the possibility at best of the necessity of a greater penetration still, if such were possible. Hawthorne, however, even better than George Eliot, brought from the deepest recesses such examples of the activities that were really going on there, that it seemed as if one were in reading about them, become for the time being an inhabitant of another world. The soul-stirrings of "Hester Pryne" and "Arthur Dimmesdale," the puzzled timidities of "Hepzibah," and her sunny relief through "little Phoebie's pensive troubles," the awful struggle and ending of "Zenobia," the prophetic realizations of "Miriam," and the sweet Providence-trusting, altogether religious "Hilda," were all of the profounder sort, and one felt from reading about them, that Hawthorne was in fact so completely a master of these intricacies of the innermost Self, that through his writings many of them were most truly revealed, as by scarcely any one else. To me his guidance was much more sure than ever was that of Beatrice or Virgil to their Dante, and without the cumbersome symbolism with which they were so extensively invested. Hawthorne's subtile analysis of the inner life commended itself unreservedly to me, as leading to its real truth, at least so far as human eye could see. When Roger Chillingworth said to Hester Prynne, "Peradventure, hadst thou met earlier with a better love than mine, this evil had not been. I pity thee for the good that has been wasted in thy nature," the author showed forth an insight and an honesty which only a truthful romancer could have conceived or expressed. I do not wonder that Dimmesdale shrank from the "Leach" who had said to himself, "This man, This man, pure as they deem him,—all spiritual as he seems,—hath inherited a strong animal nature from his father and mother. Let us dig a little further in the direction of this vein." For who was here revealed in fact but the doctor, one seeking with greatest perseverance, as ever he must, for the "causes which lie so far back and down, that elsewise they are never reached, and consequently the sufferer is never cured." No medical book I had ever read had been half so profitable as was the reading and subsequent thinking upon "The Scarlet Letter." Multiply this by the all of Hawthorne, and my indebtedness to this deeply-peering Seer rolls up far beyond the possibility of anything like just payment.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

WHAT MIGHT BE.

If every one were kind and sweet,
And every one were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy.
If none should murmur or complain,
And every one should labor
In useful work, and each were fain
To help and cheer his neighbor,—
Then what a blessed world 'twould be,
For you and me, just you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I, just you and I,
Should smile and never worry;
If we should grow, just you and I,
Kinder and sweeter-hearted—
Perhaps in some near by-and-by
That good time might get started;
Then what a blessed world 'twould be,
For you and me, just you and me!

London. —*The Christian Life.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

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In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old New and Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

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XXIV.
Epictetus

Text: *"No one is a slave whose will is free."*

The first centuries of the Christian era saw the Roman Empire extending out over southern and western Europe, western Asia and northern Africa. This means that Greeks, Britons, Gauls, Jews and Arabs all lived under the sovereign rule of Rome, and these various races in all stages of civilization were held together for five centuries by a wonderfully organized government. Excellent roads throughout the empire, a uniform system of coinage and a common speech and culture growing out of the schools, were developed. While some freedom was allowed in local affairs, a close watch was kept on the people. The emperor and the officials not only administered justice, enforced the law and protected the boundaries, but attempted to regulate all interests in life. They tried to establish the classes, often forcing sons to follow the professions of their fathers. They compelled trades people to properly supply their customers. They quieted the unruly poor with food and clothing and even supplied entertainment in the shape of races and gladiatorial combats.

One law that recognized no local difference was enforced. It is said that this Roman law was the chief legacy of the Roman Empire to posterity. It is in effect in many European states today and is a subject of study in our American universities. Each province could worship its own particular gods, but all were compelled to join in worship of the Emperor, for he represented the majesty of the domain. These emperors, tyrannical as they were, builded better than they knew, and had no small part in the converting of pagan Rome to Christianity. Paul sailed the seas in the ships they built and the gospel spread the more readily because of the good roads and uniform speech they established.

The unfair system of taxation and the state of slavery reduced the people to two classes, the very rich and the very poor, with the attendant extravagance on the one hand and discontent and hardship on the other. All this prepared the serious minded for the wave of reform that spread abroad and paved the way for the new Christianity that was emanating from Palestine. This Christianity, with its promise of eternal happiness, was modified by the religious ideas of those who accepted it. Some early Christian philosophers tried to show that it was in accord with the aspirations of the best pagans.

Epicteuts was eminent among the stoic philosophers. And of course some of his teachings were woven into the creeds of the early church. He was born in Phrygia about 50 A. D. He was sold into slavery in childhood and lived in Rome in his youth as a slave to Epaphroditus, a favorite of Nero, who was then emperor. Epaphroditus sent him to the classes of Musonius Rufus, a Stoic philosopher and former pupil of Cleanthes. No doubt his philosophy made his period of slavery endurable. The character of Epaphroditus is shown in the story of his amusing himself by twisting Epictetus's leg. Epictetus told him he would break it, if he kept on, and he did. "Did I not tell you that you would break it?" said Epictetus, without a word or groan. It is hoped that this is merely a story to illustrate pagan fortitude, or a myth that sprang up to account for his lameness. Whatever limitations Epictetus experienced in a physical sense, he received good measure of spiritual endowment. He was able not only to keep from sinking to the level of his slave surroundings, but in spite of extreme poverty he lived so nobly after he was emancipated that in course of time he won unusual admiration and respect.

Lecky has said that antiquity has left no grander example of pagan philosophy than Epictetus.

About the year 96 the Emperor Domitian, who hated the philosophers on account of their principles, banished Epictetus and others. He went to Nicopolis, where he lived in a humble cottage, his furniture consisting of a lamp and a straw pallet on which he slept. His one bit of extravagance, the iron lamp, was stolen, and thinking to disappoint the thief he replaced it with a cheap earthenware one. A hero worshipper paid 3,000 drachmas for it after Epictetus's death, hoping, said the satirical Lucian, "that if he read philosophy at night by that lamp he would at once acquire in dreams the wisdom of the admirable old man who once possessed it."

Although Epictetus lived so frugally he was not eccentric. He had very sane ideas of living. Much as he admired the cynics he often criticized them for their self neglect and eccentricities.

He wrote nothing. All that we now have of his teachings are four books of practical ethics compiled from notes taken in the class room at Nicopolis by Arrian, a Roman Senator, the author of the best life of Alexander the Great written in ancient times. These notes on Epictetus were published originally in eight books and called "The Discourses." Later Arrian condensed them into a handbook of Stoic philosophy called The Enchiridion. These two books have been rearranged and translated by Greek scholars, who realized that their contents were as valuable as anything Greek philosophy has left us.

Though not as eloquent and as cultured as Seneca, Epictetus was far more consistent, brave and clear, and possessed of a keen, pungent wit. Arrian says that in the class room he made a deep impression by his manner and voice, and his precepts are likened to the voice of the Sibyl, "which, uttering things simple, and unperfumed, and unadorned, by God's grace reacheth through innumerable years."

Pagan philosophy was growing away from the ideas of many gods to a higher conception of *one* God, and Epictetus is quoted as saying toward the close of the first century: "Our duty is to follow God, to be of one mind with him and to devote ourselves to the performance of his commands."

The foundation of his teachings was the statement

that some things are in our power and some are not; our opinions, aims, desires and aversions are in our power, bodily accidents, possessions, fame, rank and whatever lies beyond the sphere of our actions. All successes come from putting our whole effort on the things in our power and failure comes from neglecting them, or attempting to control things uncontrollable. He said two rules we should have always with us. That there is nothing good or evil save in the will and that we are not to lead events but to follow them. If we take the right view of sickness, poverty and death, they will appear as shadows which are to be distinguished from the true substance. The inward peace of that thought stamped one as a true philosopher in that he mastered his emotions and was not merely apathetic. All this was possible because of the reasoning faculty which the gods had given to man. Naturally he was much concerned about the Epicureans. They believed in virtue only as a means of gaining the greatest amount of happiness, while the Stoic said "Be virtuous because you ought to be."

The Pyrrhonists or Sceptics were another order that had to be reckoned with in his day. Their founder has been called the Doubting Thomas of the Greeks. He questioned everything and assumed that it was the duty of man and the part of wisdom to entertain no positive judgment on any matter, and thus to ensure serenity and peace of mind. These doctrines made Epictetus exclaim:

"How shameful is this: That a man having received from Nature measure and canons for the recognition of truth should study not to add to them or to perfect them where they are wanting, but the very contrary of this if there be anything that may lead us to the knowledge of truth, they strive to abolish and destroy it."

He frequently quoted and praised his predecessors and his teachers. "Conduct me, O Zeus and Thou, O Destiny" was ever on his lips. He said, "For what else can I do, an old man and lame, than sing hymns to God? If I were a nightingale I would do after the nature of a nightingale; if a swan, after that of a swan. But now I am a reasoning creature and it behooves me to sing the praise of God.

There was almost a Christian tenderness and compassion in Epictetus. He, Seneca and Marcus Aurelius brought the pagan philosophy very near to Christianity, but they viewed the Christians with suspicion and thought they were trying to imitate their philosophy without the necessary discipline.

It is not known that Epictetus ever returned to Rome. Late in his life he took into his home a child that had been exposed to die, though this meant hiring a nurse for it.

It is hard to reconcile with the many admirable traits of this man his contempt for women. It is true that the Roman women of his time were not models of character. It is quite apparent that he never knew a mother's care and love. He said of women that from the time they were fourteen years of age they are flattered and worshipped by men. Seeing then that there is nothing else for them but to serve the pleasure of man, they begin to beautify themselves and to place all their hopes in this. It were well then that they should perceive themselves to be prized for nothing else than modesty and decorum.

The date of Epictetus's death is in doubt, but is given by some as 150. We know that he had a long life and enjoyed the favor and friendship of the good Emperor Hadrian as well as many of his own disciples. Marcus Aurelius ranked him with Socrates and expressed his gratitude to a friend who had recommended his Discourses. His epitaph written by himself is,

"Epictetus a slave
Lives in poverty
And favored by the Immortals."

QUESTIONS

1. What hard conditions in the Roman world prepared the way for Christianity?
2. Who was Epictetus and from what class did he come?
3. Contrast the lives of Epictetus and Seneca.
4. What was the attitude of Epictetus to Christianity?
5. To whom are we indebted for "Discourses" of Epictetus?
6. Give what you can of the foundations of his philosophy.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Reviews

From *Houghton Mifflin Co.* I have Mary Antin's little book on how we should treat our immigrants. It is called "They Who Knock at Our Gates." It is none too strong in its advocacy of a very noble and open welcome for the unfortunate people of the world. The bone and sinew of our prosperity today is foreign born. However, I shall not discuss the book farther than to say, read it if you need it.

From *Macmillans* I get "The Great Society," by Graham Wallas. This book has got stuff in it to last you a good six months. The best thing about it is that it begins with a Synopsis of the whole argument, in four pages. Busy people can stop with the Synopsis, and they will get food for thought for a long while. The time is coming when most of our books will be in this Synoptic form.

From *Houghton, Mifflin Co.* I get a most superb book, "Our Friend John Burroughs." I have differed spitefully with John during the last ten years, in his nonsensical effort to prove that animals do not reason. He is as stubborn as some of the animals that he writes about. All the same this is a delightful book about a delightful man. John Muir is a little more delightful because he is in warmer sympathy with the wonderful life into contact with which he has come so closely.

From *Geo. H. Doran Co.* I have Gilbert Parker's "You Never Know Your Luck." This story, of course, turns out tip top, with a lot of money won by betting on a horse by a wife—while the husband loses everything. Of course she puts him on his feet, and everything goes lovely. Another from the same firm is by Charles Edward Russell, entitled "These Shifting Scenes." It is a curious book, and specially interests me in its political episodes, recalled admirably by an old reporter. These stories seldom get into our historical books of note. Perley's Reminiscences constitute one of the best histories of the United States back to Jackson. This book is quite of the same order.

I have read through "Letters of a Woman Homesteader," and I wish the book were ten times as long. It is beautiful in every line and word, genuine and true. It is published by *Houghton, Mifflin Co.*

The Literary Digest must not be forgotten, and should be taken with you wherever you travel for a vacation. It will keep you in close touch with the real life of the United States. Its main good point is its excellent editing. E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER

"For the thirty-third time I am called upon to speak the introductory word for this gathering under the trees. In these thirty-three years we read in brief a cross section of life with its radiance and its sadness; with its joy and its soberness; with its tenderest memories and highest hopes; with its gentle associations and its cheerful congratulations. Songs of hope, songs of sadness, have broken these silences in the thirty-three years and more we have gathered here.

"Today we meet under benignant clouds that bring refreshment to thirsty fields, easement to strained bodies. Today we meet under other clouds, the meaning and mystery, the power and significance of which it ill becomes us to try to interpret, but clouds all the same,—and behind the clouds sunshine, wherein we know our human nature brings its fertilizing benediction.

"And so, let us lift ourselves as we may above the clouds and rest as we can in the everlasting sunshine, with the things that endure.

"The program as announced will be carried out, the speakers are not unmindful that we meet under strained conditions, and we will strive to speak advisedly the sober words that make for peace and power."

Thus, at the opening of the Annual Tower Hill Grove Meeting was the spirit of sanity and quietness invoked by our leader, Mr. Jones, under the terrible pall of violence and destruction that hung over the whole country-side and particularly what we used to call the "Peaceful Valley."

Rev. T. B. Fisher of Stoughton gave the first address. His text was the parable: "There was a certain man who was a merchant seeking goodly pearls, and when he had found one pearl of great price he went and sold all he had and bought it."

He depicted religion,—the pearl of great price,—in terms of the market-place, as a commodity to be bought and paid for by the same business agencies and under the same laws and conditions as any other commodity. The agent who sells religion must convince his buyer that he is offering an article in which his would-be customer should be interested, and interested not as a future good, but right now and here as a power in this present life. He does not try to gloss over the facts that it comes high, he does not tender the kind that comes for nothing and therefore is worth nothing, he asks you to take nothing on his word alone, but says: "Try it as you would try a new machine, see how it works, and you may discover that your new possession is indeed a pearl of great price. For religion is a vision and a purpose, a vision of the love of God working for humanity and a purpose to work with God for the good of men."

The sermon given by the Rev. Geo. E. Hunt of the Presbyterian Church at Madison touched upon the story of the experience of Paul and his companions on the road to Damascus from a somewhat new angle, giving credit to Prof. Henry Sloan Coffin of Yale for the particular interpretation. In the several different accounts of this episode found in the new Testament, the speaker discovered the justification for his classification of men into two groups, one of whom have eyes to see and ears to hear, men with vision, men to whom life has a meaning and death nothing but joyous anticipation, while the others plod along with their noses to the ground, unthinking, unseeing and unhearing. His closing words were: "None of us will ever help to make this world better unless, with Paul, we have the vision of the face of God and hear his voice, until we have gotten a-hold of God and God has gotten a-hold of us."

The weather was too uncertain to make the out-of-doors picnic dinner practical, but the dining hall housed for an hour a very jolly, sociable company of hungry folks who ate out of each others baskets and enjoyed the things there found, and a good visit at the same time.

At the afternoon session the Rev. Frank A. Gilmore of the Unitarian Church at Madison was the first speaker. He also found a text from Paul and gave a very interesting disquisition on the two types found in every field of life, whether in literature, in art, in society, or in religion, namely, the artistocratic and the democratic, applying these distinctions particularly to the religious world, the aristocrats being those whose narrow dogma has led to the doctrine of peculiar privileges, exclusive salvation, the man who thinks there is but one true church, one ray of light in all the world, and "I have got it."

The democrat in religion believes in all churches, in all the forces that will lift humanity out into the sunlight of freedom and gladness.

"THE GATES OF THE FUTURE STAND WIDE OPEN."

These inspiring words of Emerson gave our Mr. Jones the keynote for splendid, ringing words that went to the core of a half dozen live, up-to-date problems and anxieties that are stirring the hearts of all thinking men and women today. Some of them were close neighborhood questions, some of larger civic significance and some world-wide in their scope. It was especially a timely call to the young people of this land to take advantage of the open gates before them inviting them to enter into the inspiring labors of life, and to stand for neighborhood kindliness, for village purity and temperance, for national growth in the things that make for higher and deeper manliness and womanliness and for international peace.

The full text of Mr. Jones' address will be found in an early number of UNITY.

No Grove Meeting is complete without "The Crowning Day," so we all sang it before separating for our homes with the feeling that such days as this Grove Meeting Sunday on Tower Hill were surely of the kind that give us more confidence in singing:

And the splendor (*nqw*) on the hilltops
o'er *all* the land shall lie
In the crowning day that's coming by
and by!

A rather weary little group met in the early dusk for the Vesper Service and here, through the medium of several collections, "Some Hymns That Have Helped" and others, we browsed among the grand old hymns that have brought comfort, strength and joy to those of all creeds and of no creeds. Of course we struck many favorites. We learned that "Rock of Ages" had received the endorsement of a large majority on an English vote and that "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Nearer My God to Thee" are the two greatest favorites the wide world over. W. D. Stead has written of many pathetic occasions when the latter served as a benediction—little dreaming that it would be the last sound in his own ears as the Titanic sank into the sea and his gentle voice was stilled forever. A. L. K.

Tower Hill, Wis., August 17, 1914.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

The International Congress for Social Christianity which is to meet at Basle Switzerland, from the 27th to the 30th of September next, is another significant sign of the times. In their circular letter of invitation they say:

"Our aim is this: To bring into closer connection with each other all those Christians of different countries and denominations who consider it as

one of the most important, if not the most important task of our time and the evident will of God to unite the cause of Christ with the Social Movement of today.

"The best means to attain this aim would seem to be an International Congress.

"The thought of such a Congress first occurred to our friends in France. It was realized tentatively in the International Congress for Social Christianity which was held in Besançon in June, 1910."

* * * * * *

"The result of our deliberations at Besançon was a declaration of principles which briefly summarized the unanimous convictions of the Congress with regard to the chief points in the Social Question of today.

"This declaration was not intended in any way to restrict future deliberations, but to be the expression of the one spirit that united us and the point of departure for further progress. Still more valuable than these intellectual results was the enthusiasm which animated the proceedings from the first and increased day by day. We were enabled thereby to realize that such an assembly, composed of representatives of different peoples and churches and drawn from different social strata, but all of one mind, and all alike moved by one and the same will, can be really blessed so as to hear God's voice amidst all the seething confusion of our time and so build up the Kingdom of Righteousness and Love and become an instrument fit for the master's service."

The program includes a discussion of the following topics: "Christianity and the New Order of Society," "Why Do We Call for a Social Transformation?" "Why Are Christianity and Socialism Mutually Necessary?" "Our Attitude Towards Organized Socialism," "Christianity and Universal Peace." The persons named to speak on these and other topics will speak in French, German or English as they are moved. Among the secondary subjects to be discussed as announced in the program are: "The Crusade Against Drink," "The Demand of a Living Wage," etc., etc. The Archbishop of Canterbury writing to the Secretary of the Committe, says:

"I write to say how thankful I am that such a Congress is going to be held. The Basle Congress will have, so far as I can judge, a character of its

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THE Biennial Conference of Friends (Liberal) comprising seven Yearly Meetings, will be held in Saratoga, N. Y., beginning Wednesday, Ninth month 2nd, at 2:30 P. M. The sessions, which will be held morning and evening in Convention Hall, will be open to all who care to attend. One or more periods each day will be set aside for Round Tables, which are also open to the public. The afternoons will be given over to recreation.

Some of the features of the program are: Addresses of Welcome, by officials of Saratoga; response by the chairman, Dr. O. Edward Janney. Address by Henry W. Wilbur, "The Spirit That Should Guide Us." One of the Educational sessions will be addressed by Dr. David Snedden, Massachusetts Commissioner of Education. Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck will portray "A Child-Centered Religious Education." Rural Welfare, by George T. Powell, of New York, and Prof. James E. Robertson, Ottawa, Ont. Child Welfare, Hastings H. Hart, a director of Russell Sage Foundation. Woman Suffrage, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Mrs. Hannah Clothier Hull.

For full program write to
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own in consequence of the wide field from which those who take part in it will be drawn. I look, therefore, with the keenest interest to your discussions and their outcome."

THE DRY NAVY

Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels did a courageous thing when he issued the order prohibiting the introduction of intoxicating beverages into the ships of the navy, the naval stations and all points under the jurisdiction of the navy.

It would have been done a long time ago if some secretary had the nerve to make the order and to carry it out. The order went into effect July 1.

A modern dreadnought is a complex piece of mechanism costing ten million dollars or more. For years, since the days of Secretary John D. Long, liquor has been banished from this same jurisdiction, so far as the marines are concerned, and the service is vastly better for it. Nobody disputes that who knows anything about the matter.

But it is the officers who have COMMAND of the ships and of the hundreds of souls thereon and of the national interests that may be involved in the conduct of the vessel.

From a national standpoint it is far more important that the officers be dry than the marines. A drunken marine might ruin a piece of machinery and wreck a gun, but the tipsy commander might bring on a world war.

Long live Josephus Daniels and may his tribe increase.

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